

And many an error by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

*Iew.* A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.

*Q* wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee.

*Por.* I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

*Iew.* Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.

*Por.* *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:

Shall I lay periuie vpon my soule?

No not for Venice.

*Por.* Why this bond is forfeit,

And lawfully by this the Iew may claime

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,

Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

*Iew.* When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:

you know the Law, your exposition

Hath bene most sound. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof you are a well-deseruing pillar,

Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

*An.* Most heartily I do beseech the Court

To giue the iudgement.

*Por.* Why then thus it is:

you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

*Iew.* O noble Iudge, O excellent young man.

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the Law

Hath full relation to the penaltie,

Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

*Iew.* 'Tis verie true: O wife and vpright Iudge,

How much more elder art thou then thy looks?

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosome.

*Iew.* I, his breast,

So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?

Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the

flesh?

*Iew.* I haue them ready.

*Por.* Haue by some Surgeon *Shylocke* on your charge

To stop his wounds, leaft he should bleede to death.

*Iew.* It is not nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so exprest: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charitie.

*Iew.* I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

*An.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.

Greue not that I am false to this for you:

For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome. It is still her vse

To let the wretched man out-lieue his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow

An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance

Of such miserie, doth the cut me off:

Commend me to your honourable Wife,

Tell her the processe of *Antonio's* end:

Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue:

Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,

Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.

*Bass.* *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe;

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world;

Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life,

I would loose all, I sacrifice them all

Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

*Por.* Your wife would giue you little thanks for that

If she were by to heare you make the offer.

*Gra.* I haue a wife whom I protest I loue;

I would she were in heauen, so she could

Intreat some power to change this curish Iew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,

The wish would make else an vnquiet house.

*Iew.* These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh-

Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*

Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee purfue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,

The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

*Iew.* Most rightfull Iudge.

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,

The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

*Iew.* Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little, there is something else,

This bond doth giue thee heere no ior of blood,

The words expresse are a pound of flesh:

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate

Vnto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O vpright Iudge,

Marke Iew, O learned Iudge.

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thy selfe shalt see the Act:

For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd

Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge,

*Iew.* I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian goe.

*Bass.* Heere is the money.

*Por.* Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,

He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more

But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the deuision of the twentieth part

Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne

But in the estimation of a hayre,

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,

Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

*Bass.* I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open Court,

He shall haue meere iustice and his bond.

*Gra.* A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,

I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not haue barely my principall?

*Por.* Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,

To be taken so at thy perill Iew.

*Shy.* Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:

Ile stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry

*Por.* Tarry Iew,

The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,

If it be proued against an Alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts

He seeke the life of any Citizen,

The party gainst the which he doth contriue,

Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe

Comes to the priuie coffe of the State,

And the offenders life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.

In which predicament I say thou standst:

For it appeares by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly to,

Thou hast contriu'd against the very life

Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me reliaft.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord,

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

*Duk.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:

For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*,

The other halfe comes to the generall state,

Which humbleness may driue vnto a fine.

*Por.* I for the state, not for *Antonio*.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustaine my house: you take my life

When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him *Antonio*?

*Gra.* A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

*An.* So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court

To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,

I am content: so he will let me haue

The other halfe in vse, to render it

Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this fauour

He presently become a Christian:

The other, that he doe record a gift

Heere in the Court of all he dies posselt

Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

*Duk.* He shall doe this, or else I doe recant

The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

*Por.* Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,

I am not well, send the deed after me,

And I will signe it.

*Duk.* Get thee gone, but doe it.

*Gra.* In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,

Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more.

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. *Exit.*

*Duk.* Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meere I presently set forth.

*Duk.* I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:

*Antonio*, gratifie this gentleman,

For in my minde, you are much bound to him.

*Exit Duke and his traine.*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Haue by your wisdom bene this day acquitted

Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,

Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew

We freely copt your courteous paines withall.

*An.* And stand indebted ouer and aboue

In loue and seruice to you euermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied,

And I deliuering you, am satisfied,

And therein doe account my ielfe well paid,

My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.

I pray you know me when we meete againe,

I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

*Bass.* Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,

Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,

Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you

Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,

Giue me your gloues, Ile wear them for your sake,

And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,

Doe not draw backe your hand, Ile take no more,

And you in loue shall not deny me this?

*Bass.* This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,

I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

*Por.* I wil haue nothing else but onely this,

And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this then on the valew,

The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,

And finde it out by proclamation,

Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

*Por.* I see sir you are liberall in offers,

You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,

And when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

*Por.* That cause serues many men to saue their gifts,

And if your wife be not a mad woman,

And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,

Shce would not hold out enemy for euer

For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

*An.* My *L. Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,

Let his deseruings and my loue withall

Be valued against your wifes commandement.

*Bass.* Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,

Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst

Vnto *Antonio's* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grat.*

Come, you and I will thither presently,

And in the morning early will we both

Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*